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MICHIGAN HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

Recollections of Sixty Years

1850 to 1910

by

J. E. Learnard



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OF
SIXTY YEARS

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DEDICATED TO
HENRY GRANT LEARNARD, JR.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

Introduction

At the suggestion and request of my son, George P. Learnard, I have decided to write of those events and recollections that may be valuable and interesting, that I can remember for the time my memory serves me, of the past sixty years of my life. I am doing this at my home in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in this year, 1910, and the 65th year of my age.

As a mark of love and affection I have dedicated these recollections to my little grandson, Henry Grant Learnard, Jr., who is now in his third year, having been born at Portland, Oregon, on the 19th day of August, 1907 (which was his father's birthday). I hope and pray that he may live and grow to manhood, and become a good and useful citizen as his father has been and is, in the calling he may select for life. I trust he, and others, will find incidents of value and instruction in this little volume that will be appreciated more and more as time goes by, and especially after the writer shall have passed away.

To all those who may receive a copy of this little book the writer will say that it is a present to them, nothing is expected in return, but if any wish to write me something concerning it, after reading it through either in the line of criticism or otherwise (for I want your honest sentiments), I shall be pleased to receive all such letters at my home in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and they will be preserved for future reading and reference. I have written portions of the book in the earnest hope that it might result in good to some of my readers, not only now, and during my lifetime, but in the years to come when I shall be gone.

CHAPTER 1.

Recollections of Sixty Years

In the beginning of these recollections, I will give, in as concise a form as possible, what I know of our ancestry, taking up my father's side of the house first. According to the Geneological record we have of the Learnard family, the first one in this country came from England in 1632, only twelve years after the landing of the Pilgrim fathers at Plymouth Rock, and my Grandfather Daniel Learnard, who was born in Massachusetts in 1771, was in the 6th generation, my father in the 7th, myself in the 8th, my children in the 9th, and my grandson, Grant, Jr., in the 10th, from the original in this country. It has now been 278 years since the family was started in this country, one hundred and forty-three years before the Declaration of Independence was signed.

My father was born in Haverhill, New Hampshire, on October 10th, 1808. He was married the first time in 1830, to Phebe Fountain. Their first child, Hiram, was born January 1st, 1831, and there were four others in all, but only two grew up to manhood and womanhood, Hiram and Melvina. In 1834, father, with his wife and two children, started from their home, in New Hampshire, for Michigan, then a territory. They traveled with two yoke of oxen, attached to a large, so-called "Pennsylvania Wagon," which made slow progress. It was large and heavy, I judge, for the hind wheels, that were about 6 feet in diameter, were used

on the farm for 10 years or more, as I remember, on a cart we had. They stopped over in Ohio for something like six months, and did not reach their destination in Cambridge, Lenawee Co., Michigan, until 1835, about a year from the time they left New Hampshire. Father took up a quarter section of land, of the Government, and lived on it until after Hiram's mother died about 1840.

My mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Pawson, was born in the County of Kent, in England one hundred years ago, or in 1810. I do not know the month and date. She came to this country with her mother, two brothers, John and Thomas, and a sister, Harriet, in 1830. They were on a sailing vessel and were bothered so by head-winds, which drove them so far out of their course that they were nearly three months on the water.

My grandmother Pawson lived only about five years in this country. She was buried at the Springville burial ground, which was one of the first started in that section of the county. My grandfather Pawson lived and died in England. There were six of the children and grandmother who came to the United States. Three boys, Thomas, John, and Samuel, and three girls, Ann, Elizabeth, and Harriet, the last named was the youngest of the family. They are now all dead. Samuel died in 1851, Thomas and my mother, in 1858, Harriet in 1878, John in 1882, and Ann in 1885. My mother married for the first time Francis Fisher, soon after she came to Michigan. He was a native of England and came to the United States a short time before

mother did. He had taken up a claim and was living in Franklin township, Lenawee Co., when they were married. They lived together about nine years and raised four children, when some time in 1840 or 1841, Mr. Fisher was taken sick and died, leaving mother with four small children, the oldest only eight years old. In 1842, when mother and father were married, he had five children, Hiram the oldest, being about 11 years old, so that made nine small children in the united family. They had a great deal of sorrow and affliction in the first two or three years of their married life. My oldest sister, Mary, was born in May, 1843. She lived only about a year and died, and about that time or before, mother lost all her children by death and father lost three of his, so of the nine there were only Hiram and Melvina left. I was the second of father and mother's children, and was born August 2nd, 1845. My brother, Daniel F. Learnard, was born October 2nd, 1847, and the next brother, Dewitt Clinton, was born some time late in the year 1849, and my sister, Cordelia, born September 10th, 1852, was the youngest of our family.

There were some ten or twelve children grew up to manhood and womanhood in each of the Pawson and Learnard families, so I had a good many uncles and aunts, but as far as I know, there is only one living at this time, Aunt Mary Pawson, who married Uncle Thomas Pawson. She was born in 1814, and is 96 years old, the 17th of this April, 1910. She was married to my Uncle Thomas in December, 1837. They lived together about twenty-one years, when he died

and she has been a widow nearly fifty-two years. They raised eight children. Aunt Mary lives on a small farm in Franklin township, Lenawee Co., Michigan, where she has lived for sixty years or more, and enjoys pretty good health for a person of that great age.

The members of my father's family that I knew, or met at some time in life, were Uncle Reuben, who lived to be 91 years old, Uncle Nahum, 85; Uncle William, 52; Uncle Asel, 83. I never saw my grandfather Learnard. He died in Canada in 1856, and was 85 years old. I saw one of my aunts in Wisconsin in 1866,, but do not know when she died. She married a Mr. Lovejoy, and there was one of father's sisters, who married a Mr. Ames, and lived somewhere in Wisconsin, but I never saw her. Two members of the family settled in Canada, and died there, and some always remained in the East.

I think best at this time to say something about the house in which I was born in 1845. It was the first frame house in that school district, all other buildings at that time were made of logs. It was very substantially built by Mr. Fisher, my mother's first husband. He was a fine workman, learning his trade in England, where they have to serve from five to seven years as an apprentice before they are considered competent to work for themselves. My mother told me that he made the tables and most of the furniture they used in the house. The building was erected about 74 years ago, and the last I knew about it, it was still occupied as a residence, and is likely to be for many years to come.

I would not be surprised if it was used to live in for a century or even more.

It would be well for me at this time to give what I know about the ancestry of your grandmother, Leonard. Her father, Elisha Packard, was born in Massachusetts in 1810. I do not know at what time he came to Michigan. I think her mother, Betsy Hampton was born in the State of New York in 1813, they were married in 1834, and had a family of four children. Henry Packard, born in 1835, Phebe, born August 14th, 1837, Adelaide, born July 16th, 1842, and Ella Gertrude, April 1st, 1845, she being the youngest. Her mother died in 1849, when Ella was about four years old, she says she can remember of some one raising her up and looking at her mother lying in the coffin. The children were all born on the Packard farm, on the turnpike, three and one-half miles west of Tecumseh, Michigan. Mr. Packard married for his second wife Miss Sarah Wilson, in 1852, and they had two children, Ida, born May 10th, 1853, and a son named Elisha, who only lived a year or so. There are only two living at this time of these six children. Henry, the oldest of the children, married Mahala Burroughs in 1858. He was never strong and healthy, inherited consumption from his father and mother, and died with that disease in 1869. He had one son, Frank N. Packard, who is living at Cherokee, Iowa. Frank's mother, Henry's widow, is still living at the age of 73. She has been a widow for 41 years. Phoebe, in 1856, was married to Henry Burtless, who is still living at the age of 76. They lived together 51 years and until she was

past 70 years of age, when she died on the 13th of October, 1907. They had five children, four of whom are now living. Adelaide was married to Jehiel Kemp on November 1st, 1859, and they celebrated their golden wedding the first day of last November, 1909. They are living in pretty fair health, although Mr. Jehiel Kemp is 76 years old. They have had three children. The oldest was a son born in 1862, who lived until he was 7 years old, and died in 1869. The other two, Ray, born July, 1870, and Myrtie, in March, 1872, are still living in Franklin township, LeWanee Co., Michigan.

I will give the particulars of Ella's life in connection with my own, in the later recollections. Ida Packard married Manning Delong in May, 1873, and they are living on their farm near Byron, Michigan. They never had any children. Ella's father, Elisha Packard, died of consumption early in 1856, was 46 years old. Her mother died in 1849, when she was 36. She died of consumption, also.

The first event of interest I can remember is that of Hiram being married and living with his first wife, in a room upstairs in our house. That was early in 1850, before I was 5 years old. He married Elizabeth Smith for his first wife, and for his second wife, Angelina Smith, a sister, and Melvina, Hiram's sister, married Robert Smith, a brother to Hiram's wives. I cannot remember Hiram's first marriage, it was sometime in 1849, before he was 19 years old. She was two years older than he. They drove to Clinton and were married, my father knowing nothing about it until the ceremony had been performed. Father felt

bad about it, because of Hiram's age. They lived together for only about one year, when she died in the summer of 1850. I remember he took her death very hard, indeed; came near fainting away at the grave. I remember my Uncle Samuel Pawson, who died in August, 1851. He was a tall man about 6-foot, 2 inches, and was so used to lowering his head when coming into the door's of the log houses, which were rarely over 6 feet, that he used to do it when he came to our house, although the doors there were the usual height of 6 1-2 feet. The next event that I remember was the birth of my sister, Cordelia. She was born September 10, 1852. My father and Hiram had a threshing machine, or you might say a separator, for that was really all it was, had no straw-carrier or anything of that kind. They went, with the machine over to my Uncle Thomas Pawson's to thresh his wheat out, and Brother Frank and myself went with them, and when we got home after dark that night, we found a new baby at our house. It was only a short time after this, during the same fall, that my brother, Dewitt Clinton, then 3 years old, was taken sick with what the doctor called "putrid sore throat." Only lived a short time and died. I presume it was what would be called "diphtheria," now. I don't remember that the baby, or either of us boys had the disease at that time.

The events of 1853 that I call to mind were Hiram's marriage to Angelina Smith, at her father's home. Father and mother went to the wedding. Brother Frank and I saw the minister who married them, go

by, with his silk hat on which was not common in those days. Hiram and Angelina lived together for more than 54 years, until Hiram's death in 1907, at almost 77 years of age. Angelina died in the spring of 1909, and was in her 78th year. The other event I distinctly remember was the coming to Michigan, and the visit my mother's sister, Aunt Ann Berkby, made us, and other relatives in that summer.

Her home was in Ogdensburgh, N. Y. It was the only time I ever saw her. I shall never forget a ride we took one time while she was visiting us. Those in the party were father, mother, Aunt Ann, Cordelia (the baby), Frank and I. Father had purchased a new double-seated carriage that spring. This was the first ride we had in it, and we enjoyed it to the limit. Father had a nice young team of black horses, and the ride we took was from our place in Franklin to visit Mr. Samuel White, near Springville, seven miles away. There were about 1 1-2 miles of new road we had to travel over and I remember Frank and I could hardly keep on the seat at times, the springs would jounce us up so, when the horses would go on a trot. Aunt Ann lived to be 83 years old and died sometime in 1885, the oldest of any of the Pawson family that I ever knew, excepting Aunt Mary, who is still living, and she is only a Pawson by marriage. She was Uncle Thomas Pawson's wife. Not very long after we went to Mr. White's visiting, one of the team of black horses had the misfortune to break one of his forelegs, and we all felt bad about that. I remember how faithfully Hiram treated and nursed him. Would get up in the night

to doctor and look after him. But there was no use; in a few days we found inflammation had set in, and had to kill the horse, and that broke up the team. It was just about this time, before we had lamps, that I used to help mother in the fall of the year in dipping candles. She had two dozen or more sticks and six different wicks would be put on each one. Then taking the sticks, one at a time, would dip them all in a deep kettle filled with hot tallow and hang them on a couple of long poles to drip and harden. Every time the wicks were put into the hot tallow they would become a little larger, and finally would be candles. Mother used to make about twelve dozen of them at a time and that would fill a box she had and last about a year. In the spring she had another job, I remember, and that was to make enough soft soap to fill a long soap trough, we had in the cellar, and that would last for one year, or until another spring came around. I will tell of an awful scare those of us had, who were at home, sometime in the spring of 1853: Father and Hiram had gone away, and the hired man was working one-half mile or so away, where he could not see the house. Our house was built with two large square rooms in front, with a large fire-place for each room, and they were united to form one large chimney, that was built up for 5 feet or more above the roof, in order to get a good draft. Mother was home, doing some kind of work in the cellar at the time. Angelina and the hired girl were there as well as Frank and I. We boys were outside playing, when we were startled by hearing an awful roaring sound. As soon as we got

where we could see the house, the fire was going 5 feet or more above the top of the chimney, and was roaring like a blast-furnace. The others discovered it about the same time we boys did. Cordelia was a baby, and was sleeping in her cradle in one of the front rooms. The great, large red-hot cinders were tumbling down out of the chimney and rolling around on the brick floor in front of each fire-place. I am satisfied that the brick floors, that were each about 5x8 feet in size, were all that saved the house from burning down. Two neighbor men came, and getting on the roof, which was already smoking, by the use of pails of water, that was handed up to them, put out all signs of fire on the roof and the danger was soon over.

In 1854, I remember several battles of what was called the "Crimean" war, between England, France and Turkey, or the so-called "Allies," on the one side and Russia alone on the other, were fought this year. My father took the weekly New York Tribune and I used to do the most of the reading aloud to him. I must have begun to read very early, for while I was only 9 years old at this time, I could read well, all the news of the day. I think the battles of Alma and Inkermann were fought this year. The heaviest of the fighting in and around Sebastapool, was in 1855. I did not know much as to what the quarrel was about, nor do I now, but my sympathies were all with Russia, for I thought it was unjust for three nations to unite to whip one.

My father had a large farm of from 350 to 400 acres of improved land under his control, and a large

amount of stock on the farm. Among other stock he had about 600 sheep, that we sheared that spring. After shearing he and Hiram went out among the farmers and bought as many more, making 1,200 head. Hiram and John Smith, Angelina's brother, with a well-trained Shepherd dog, whose name was Shep, started to drive them to Wisconsin, where my father's brothers and sisters lived. Father waited for three weeks after they started, then with a light team and what was called a "buck-board," light wagon, he left home, and in four days overhauled them just this side of Chicago. North of Chicago Hiram was offered \$50 for the dog, but would not take it. They sold out the sheep and did well. Then came home, bought up about twenty head of horses, and went through again that fall and disposed of the horses also. The year of 1855 was very hot and dry. I remember we cut marsh hay, that summer, from places that in ordinary seasons were covered with water nearly, if not all, summer. I remember my father bought a John P. Manny mowing machine, this season. The first one in our section of the township, and people came for miles away to see it cut grass. The fact that it left the grass on the ground already spread, seemed to be a great surprise to them. Up to this time, all mowing was done with scythes and the grass had to be spread out so that it would cure out properly.

CHAPTER 2.

I do not think of any incidents of particular interest as occurring this year, (1855) in the family, but there were two events that interested me very much in the world's doings: One was the continuation of the Crimean war, and the other was the growing troubles in the Territory of Kansas. I will tell of the progress of the war, first: In one of the great battles in the fall of 1854, occurred that incident, the "Charge of the Light Brigade" of English cavalry. It has been immortalized in a poem by Alfred Tennyson. This body of cavalry was composed of 600 young men, and they were mounted on black horses, and were supposed to be the finest and best drilled body of cavalry there was in the Allied army. It was during a lull in the battle that the order came for this cavalry to charge the Russian position, which it is said was a little over one-half mile away, and nearly a level plain between. They made a grand charge and some of them went right up to the Russian cannon, but they were simply overwhelmed by the fire of the guns, and what there was left of them, were forced to return to their own lines. It was said that only about 100 men and horses got back alive, leaving some 500 killed and wounded on the battlefield, and it was all done in less than one-half hour. Tennyson, in poem, says:

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered."

which was undoubtedly a good description of the conditions that existed at the time.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

which they did. A French general, who saw the charge, in commenting on it, said: It was magnificent, but it was not war, it was a slaughter. When it was investigated and the endeavor made to find out who was responsible for the order, all the officers from Lord Raglan, the commander-in-chief, down, refused to accept responsibility for it, and I believe it was finally settled that an officer, who was killed, either misunderstood or misconstrued the order that was given him. It caused a very great excitement in England, for the brigade was composed of the best of the English army. Late in the year 1854 about the first of November, I think, the Russian army was forced back into the fortifications of Sebastopol, which had been strongly fortified under the direction of Colonel Todleben, the skillful Russian army engineer, and it stood a siege of about ten months before it was captured by the Allied armies in September, 1855. The winter of '54 and '55 was a hard one, especially for the French and English forces, who were not used to the cold of a Russian winter. Thousands of each army died from exposure, and diseases incident to camp life, and Florence Nightingale, a young English woman, with others, went to the Crimea and did everything possible to care for the sick and suffering in the armies. She made a world-wide name for herself, and is still living at the age of 89 years.

The first assault made by the Allied army on the Russian fortification, was in June 1855, when they tried to carry the Great Redan, but they were repulsed with the loss of eight or ten thousand men, killed and wounded. There were three strong defenses in the plan of fortifications that I remember the names of, although it is now 55 years since I read about that war. They were the "Little and Great Redan, and the Malakoff." After the repulse in June, there was no further serious attempt to capture the place until about the middle of September, and after great loss of life, the French forces carried the Malakoff, and that rendered the Russian position untenable, and they soon evacuated Sebastopol. There was not much fighting after that and a treaty of peace was signed in Paris, France, in March, 1856.

In regard to the troubles in Kansas, they came about from an attempt on the part of the so-called "Border Ruffians," who came into Kansas from Missouri, by the hundreds, under the direction of Stringfellow and other leaders, with the determination to overawe and kill if necessary many of the Freestate men and make a slave state of Kansas, and the trouble that was commenced this year was continued in 1856, 1857 and 1858 or for four years, and a great many men on both sides lost their lives and tens of thousands of dollars' worth of property was destroyed, but eventually Kansas came in as a free state, January 29, 1861. In reviewing these troublous times after fifty years have passed, I can say that I fully believe all the power and influence of the administrations of Pierce and Buchan-

an, that could legally be used, were brought to bear upon the people of Kansas to secure the admission of the territory into the Union as a slave state, and thus help to perpetuate the so-called "Balance of Power" between freedom and slavery in the United States senate.

This year, 1856, was the first I can remember of a presidential campaign. My father was a democrat, prior to this election. He voted for Andrew Jackson for his second term in 1832, in New Hampshire, and continued to vote that ticket down to 1852, when he voted for Franklin Pierce. He told me that he was becoming quite disgusted with the democratic policy of yielding to the demands of the south on the slavery question, but decided to vote for Pierce, who was a New Hampshire man, on account of state pride for one thing, but that proved to be his last democratic vote. I remember father went to Tecumseh awhile after Fremont was nominated for president, and when he came home, he brought a campaign life of John C. Fremont, giving an account of his several exploring expeditions into and through the Rocky Mountains, and other interesting details of his life, and we were both very much interested in that until I had read it through. I never took more interest in a campaign in my life. I don't think, than I did in that one, and when we learned that Fremont was defeated, I had a good cry over it. To show how I was impressed by it, I will give from memory the closing part of Fremont's letter of acceptance, although I haven't read it for 50 years, that I know of:

"If I should be elected to the high office to which your partiality has seen fit to nominate me, I shall endeavor to administer the Constitution in accordance with the true spirit of the great men who framed it, and in such a way as to preserve both Liberty and the Union."

To further show the interest I took in that campaign, I will give from memory in round numbers, the vote of the great state of New York, which was 276,000 for Fremont, and 195,000 for Buchanan, and in Michigan the vote was 71,000 for Fremont and 52,000 for Buchanan.

I think it was this spring that Frank and I saw the last wild black bear that was seen in that part of Lenawee county. West of our house we had an orchard, that extended west for about 40 rods to the woods. We had a large number of hens at the time and they used to go sometimes clear to the west end of the orchard, or 40 rods from the house. Frank and I were playing in the orchard 15 or 20 rods from the house when we were surprised by the excitement there was among the hens. Some were running and some were flying towards the house, and apparently all were cackling or squaking. We soon discovered what the trouble was. We saw what we thought, at first, was a big black dog, crossing the orchard, but a second look satisfied us that it was no dog, and then if the hens made any more rapid progress towards the house or made any more noise about it than we did, they certainly must have exerted themselves. The bear, as I remember about it, was followed into a swamp about

four miles from our place that night, and the next morning was killed .

This summer my father had a large harvest of wheat, about 75 acres, to cut and we had to cut it all with cradles, had four cradlers and a binder to follow each one; this was the first harvest I took any part in, that I remember. Had a light rake and raked the bundles up and father bound them so that we followed one cradler all through that harvest. It was the wettest harvest I ever saw. We had been cutting about two days or so, before the rain came, but after it did commence there would be four or five showers every day. Sometimes not over an hour between showers. In fact, it would often rain again before the wheat would have a chance to dry off, although the sun would come out very hot just as soon as a shower was over. In those days most all the farmers set the bundles up in long shocks without any caps, and the result was that there wasn't more than one farmer out of ten, but had to eat bread for the next year, that was made from grown wheat flour. I remember that the bread tasted kind of sweet and was spongy, and would stick to a person's teeth if they were not careful in eating it. I saw some late pieces of wheat that actually grew standing so that heads looked like grass, it was so green.

1857: My father rented a good portion of his improved land this spring for a year and had an all-day auction sale to dispose of the most of his stock. The sale footed up \$2,000. During the latter part of the winter, I think in January or February, our old red schoolhouse was destroyed. It caught fire in the

evening some way, and about 8 or 9 o'clock was burned down. We could see it very plain from our house. The books belonging to the scholars were nearly all lost. I don't think we had any more school that winter, and there was so much trouble in agreeing on a site for a new building that it was nearly two years before we got a new schoolhouse, and the winter term of 1857 and 1858 was held in the large north room in our house. There was a hill in a lot near the house that was about 25 rods long and about the same distance from the foot of it to the road, and as there was so much snow and sleet that winter, all of us had great sport in sliding down hill, as the most of the boys and girls had some kind of a sled, and for the benefit of those who did not have, the boys got a long slab, that some eight or ten could sit on, and they used to have great times going down on that, for when that came to the foot of the hill, it would occasionally run into the ground and the load would go flying by in all directions, but there was lots of fun in the slide, just the same. This sliding down the hill was for the larger scholars, the smaller ones were not allowed to go down that way, for fear they would get hurt. We went through the most of the winter without anyone getting seriously injured, but towards the end of the school term one of the larger boys got his leg broken by being hit by a rapidly-moving sled, and that ended the sliding down hill for that winter.

In the year of 1858 there were several deaths in our family. My father's brother, Uncle William, died in May; he lived with us and had for a good many years,

and mothers' brother, Uncle Thomas Pawson, died in June, and late in the fall my mother was taken sick and she died on the second day of December. I think the doctor called the disease "quick consumption." She was such a good mother to us children. I do not remember that she ever scolded or was cross to us. She would correct us at times, but not in an unkind manner. I was impressed with her true Christian spirit, more than anything else, and I shall never forget her death-bed scene. When we were standing around her bed looking for her to pass away at any time, suddenly, she opened her eyes and it seemed as though her face fairly shone and a smile came over it, as she said: "Can't you see them; the angels have come to welcome me home," and those were her last words, for directly after that she breathed her last. I firmly believe that she had a vision of the other world before she passed out of this; I thought so at the time and have always thought so. I was just passed 13 years, my brother, Frank, was 11, and sister, Cordelia, was 6, when mother died.

In the fall of this year, commencing about the first of September, and lasting for some six or seven weeks, Donati's comet was visible to the naked eye. Prof. Simon Newcomb, the noted American astronomer, said it was the most remarkable comet of the 19th century. It was remarkable for several reasons. One was: It was visible to the naked eye for so long a time, and another reason was, the distance it is said to travel after it leaves the earth before it will return again. It goes so far into space, astronomers say, that it will not come

back and be visible again here until about the year 3,808, or some 1900 years yet, although it has been traveling away now for 51 years and over. Just think of that: I count it one of the events of my life that I was permitted to look at it so long a time, and every night from dark till 9 or 10 o'clock, when the head would be down to the horizon, the tail extended one-half way to the Zenith, and the tail was visible for an hour and more after the head was out of sight.

When we consider the wonderful speed with which comets are said to travel, and the length of time it takes Donati's to make its revolution and return to the earth again, about 1,900 years, who can measure the distance it travels in that time? or conceive in any degree the vastness of space through which it moves? There are two passages from the Bible, that seem to me appropriate in this connection, and I will give them here, viz.: First from the 8th Psalm: "When I consider the heavens; the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars that thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him." And the second is from the 90th Psalm, viz.: "For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is passed, or as a watch in the night." It is a theory of mine that when God's time shall come to destroy all forms of life upon this earth, it will be brought about by a collision between it and the head of some great comet.

Grant, Jr., there is a possibility that you may live to see two returns of Halley's noted comet, which will very soon be visible to the naked eye. You see it will

return to the earth again late in 1985, or when you will be 78 years old, if you live until that time. Not one person in 1,000,000 will have that privilege.

I am aware that I am talking to a rather small boy in regard to this matter, but I believe that a boy who is old enough to discover the changes in the moon, and telling their mamma about it as you did when you said, "Oh, mamma, the moon up in the sky is broke," surely would discover a bright comet in the sky, with a long tail.

I do not remember any incidents of interest connected with the winters term of school. It was the first term in the new school house, and was taught by Samuel Rundall.

On the second day of August, 1859, when I was 14 years old, I was taken sick with a billious fever, that ran something like three weeks, and it reduced me so that I was not much better than a skeleton when the fever left me. I had regained my strength largely, but my face was covered with freckles and my hair was almost white, it was so light that fall, so you can imagine something how I looked. My father had me go with him the forepart of October to Rollin township in Lenawee county, about 20 miles from where we lived. I did not know until we were on the way what we were going there for, but he told me that he was going to get a new mother for us children. He was married to Mrs. Raymond, on October 9, 1859. I lived at home until I became 21 years old, or for seven years after father married my stepmother, and I want to say now that she was a good mother to me; never

could see but what she treated me the same that she did her own children. She was practically the only mother that Cordelia ever knew, for she was only 6 years old when our mother died. Cordelia lived with stepmother for about 13 years, or until she got married in 1872, and she always thought very much of her stepmother, and visited her as often as she could until stepmother died in 1906, at the age of 91 years. She was married twice after father died, the first time to Mr. Charles Jewell of Madison township, and the last time to Mr. Perkins of Clayton village, Lenawee county, and she was living there when the end came.

CHAPTER 3.

After father's marriage in the fall of 1859, we moved to Rollin township, and father carried on mother's farm until the spring of 1861. I went to school there during the winter terms of 1859 and 1860, and that of 1860 and 1861. I do not recollect of any personal incidents of particular interest during that time. The presidential campaign of 1860 and the first election of President Lincoln took place in 1860, but strange as it may appear, I did not take near the interest in it that I did the one of four years before, when I was 11 years old.

In the fall of 1860, I saw a most remarkable demonstration of the Aurora Borealis, or the Northern Lights, that I will never forget. There were eight or ten boys and young men of us that were out coon hunting one night, late in the fall, and we were about ready to go to our homes, when this event occurred. There had been the ordinary show of the Aurora in the north earlier in the evening, but this extraordinary show commenced between 10 and 11 o'clock. The most of us were sitting on a fence, when suddenly the streaks of light commenced to shoot and dart in every direction. They spread all over the sky, which seemed like a great open umbrella that came to a center at the zenith, and radiated in every direction. The sky changed from a pure white color to one that was almost as red as blood, in every direction, north, south, east and west. It was certainly wonderful and I never expect to see anything like it again.

1861: My father bought a farm near the Excelsior schoolhouse in Franklin this spring and we moved from Rollin there the last of March. I do not think of anything of interest in a personal way until early in the fall, about the first of September, I had what appeared to be a blood boil come on the shin bone of my right leg. It became a running sore. The doctor called it a fever sore, and it never healed for something like 15 months. Had to have an operation and scrape the bone before it would heal. It almost made a cripple of me for the five or six months before I was operated on, but after it healed up it never broke out again. The scar I will carry with me to my grave.

These were troublous times, as the great Civil war was on, and had been since the firing on Fort Sumpter, in Charleston Harbor, the 12th of April, 1861; in the fall of 1862, a great many were enlisted from our township of Franklin, of course they commenced enlisting right away under the first call for troops in April and May, 1861, to serve for three months. I remember the Fourth Michigan infantry, that rendezvous at Adrian, left there about 1,000 strong the forepart of July, 1861, and many Franklin boys were in it. The calls were changed in May, so they called for three years or during the war and most of the three months men re-enlisted for three years after their three months' service had expired. The Franklin boys commenced to be brought back dead this year. Many of them dying from diseases incident to camp life and exposure. I think there were four died in that way to one that was killed on battle field or died of wounds.

In the fall of this year on commencing the winter term of school, I first met Ella Gertrude Packard. We went to school at the Excelsior school house. It was not a case of "Love at first sight," as they say, but I was impressed from the first with her quiet and lady-like manners, never boisterous like some of the other school girls, and her ways grew upon me so that before the term of school was over I had fully determined in my own mind that when the proper time had come, we were each then 17 years old, if she still remained single I would ask her to be my wife.

In the spring of 1863, my father sold his farm in the Excelsior school district and bought an 80-acre farm of Lorenzo Smith, three-quarters of a mile south of Tipton, on the Adrian road. It was well fenced and improved (or 65 acres of it), 15 acres were timber with good buildings; father paid \$50 an acre, or \$4,000. Average farms at that time were selling for \$25 to \$40 an acre, but it was just before the large increase in land values commenced in Michigan and while it seemed a very large price for land at that time, it proved to be one of father's best investments in real estate. He added to the farm 40 acres of improved land, and 20 acres of timber at \$40 per acre, making 140 acres in all, and in 1868, when he died, the farm was appraised at \$75 per acre, or \$10,500. During the five years I suppose he had put about \$1,000 of improvements on the place. The land was very productive and we turned a great deal off from it every year. I do not think of anything of especial interest that occurred during 1863. After we moved onto

the Smith place, I was at home all the year, working for father. During the winter of 1863 and 1864 father and I got out from our timber land and I drew to a mill that was only about one mile from our place, logs that were sawed into lumber to build a horse barn, the next spring and summer. On the night of December 31, 1863 and January 1, 1864, occurred the most remarkable change in temperature for the time I ever knew. It was warm and raining at 10 o'clock that night, and at 8 o'clock the next morning the thermometer was down to 12 degrees below zero, with the wind blowing from the southwest at the rate of 35 or 40 miles an hour. It continued to blow all that day, New Year's, and into the night, but went down before the morning of the 2nd, but the temperature that morning was 24 degrees below zero. The change has always been referred to, as the cold New Year's of 1864. It extended nearly all over the country, and many soldiers, who were doing picket duty in the border states were frozen to death in the Union and the Confederate armies. In March I hired out to Mr. G. D. Perry, of Franklin, for five months at \$22 per month, which was considered good wages at that time. I also worked for him for three months during the winter of 1864 and 1865, at \$20 a month, and those eight months were all the time that I ever worked away from home on a farm. In the fall of 1864, I went to Tecumseh to the High school for four months and that was all the schooling I ever had, except what I got in our district schools.

I took a great interest in the result of the election

of 1864. It seemed to me as though the very life of the nation depended on the re-election of President Lincoln, and the people of the north generally thought about the same way, for the result was very one sided. Lincoln getting 212 electoral votes to 12 for McClellan, and he had 407,000 majority on the popular vote. This spring and summer, (1865) I worked at home for father. Our township meeting came on Monday the 3rd of April of this spring. I went to Tecumseh that morning and got back to Tipton before noon and brought the news of General Sheridan's victory over the right wing of General Lee's army, at the battle of Five Forks in Virginia, that was fought on Saturday of April 1st. Sheridan captured 5,000 prisoners and turned General Lee's right flank and compelled him to evacuate Petersburg and Richmond within two days from the time of the battle. The people who were out to the election, cheered the news and we continued to get good news every day up to and including the 10th, when the news came that General Lee's army, or what there was left of it, had surrendered to General Grant, and that caused great rejoicing all over the north; for all realized that the war that had lasted for four years and caused the death in various ways of more than 600,000 young men in the north and south, and the destruction of hundreds of millions of dollars of property, was soon to be brought to an end, but this rejoicing was so soon to be turned into mourning for, on the 15th of April, the news was flashed all over this country and the world, that the good President Lincoln had been assassinated in the

Capital of the nation at Washington. It was an awful change from the news the people had been receiving from the first of the month until the 15th. I saw strong men weep like children over it, and wondered what was coming next. Thus passed away one who, in my judgment, was the greatest man who lived in the United States in the 19th century, and also one of the few really great men in the world's history, for that period of time.

I want to write at this time, virtually the close of the war, something about the reasons I did not enlist in the army: For the first two years of the war I would have been rejected if I had offered to enlist, on account of the fever sore I had on my leg. And that never healed until late in the year 1862. But I don't feel that I can offer any excuse for not enlisting in 1863 or 1864, in fact, I feel now that I did not do my duty to my country, as I would do if I had the same thing to do over. I did not think so much about the matter at the time, as I have since, in fact. I was not impressed very strongly with the fact that I had failed to do my duty until the time of the Spanish-American war, and every year since, when Decoration day comes around, I feel that I should be one of the old veterans marching, or that my bones should be lying in some National Soldiers' cemetery in the southland. It was an awful war, considering the four years' time that it lasted, and the very great destruction of human life and of property that was caused by it. It may be considered one of the greatest wars of modern times.

It was in the spring of this year, 1865, that your grandmother and I became engaged to marry at some future time. I well remember the occasion. It was one Sunday night that I went to see her, where she was living with her sister, Phoebe, and Henry Burtless, on the town line between Tecumseh and Franklin, about one mile south of the turnpike, and before I left that Monday morning, the engagement was made, and I say for myself, that from that time to the present, I have never seen a day or an hour that I have ever regretted it, although nearly 45 years have passed away since. She was a true and faithful wife to me, and a good, kind and indulgent mother to our children.

In the fall of this year, my brother, Frank, and I carried on the old place in the English settlement where we were born and raised, but we both went back to father's for the winter. Father gave Frank his time from April 1, 1866. I worked at home during the spring and until the haying and harvesting were over. On the 4th day of July the people of our township dedicated a soldiers' monument at Tipton that cost about \$1,300, that was about 31 feet high and has the name on it of every soldier who went to the war and died from any cause during the war. The money to pay for the monument was donated by the citizens of the township, and it was said to be the first soldiers' monument that was erected in the United States, for the soldiers of the Civil war. I put \$5.00 into it and wish now it had been more. On the 2nd day of August I became 21 years old,

and about noon of that day your grandmother and I were married at Henry Burtless' home in the Excelsior school district, about four miles northwest from Tipton. I will tell you a good joke my father got off on me that morning at breakfast. Something was said about the wedding and father said: "Well, James, I suppose it is all right, but if it had been me, I think I would have preferred to have been my own boss for a day or two anyway." I thought it was a good joke on me you see, it was my 21st birthday.

In the fall of that year, in September, I think, Hiram, Frank and I took three carloads of sheep up to Wisconsin, where our relatives, the Learnard's, lived. We carried the sheep to Chicago and drove them the rest of the way, about 100 miles. In Chicago I came very near being killed. It happened this way: Our cars were about to be taken to the stock yards and it was quite warm and we decided we would not need our overcoats, so I proposed to take them back to the hotel, some 60 rods away, and then come back in time to get on top of our cars and ride to the stockyards. Well, I hurried around as fast as I could, but the switch engine men got things ready to move sooner than we expected and when I was about a block away they started. I saw the boys on one of the cars. I saw the engine was going to run right across the sidewalk I was on, and not knowing anything about where the stock yards were, thought I must grab the ladder in front end of the car and climb up to where the boys were. Well, I got to the crossing the same time the last car did, and grabbed with

my right hand for the rung of the ladder; caught it; held on, and was jerked instantly from my feet and swung between the cars, and for a second or two, it seemed as though I was gone, but just as soon as I caught with my other hand, felt I was all right, but after I got on top of the car, I shook and trembled like a person would with a severe ague or chills. It was certainly a close call for me. We had a nice time with our relatives in Wisconsin. Father had two brothers there and one sister. They were all living in the vicinity of Fox Lake and Waupun, and there were so many cousins to see and visit so we had an interesting time. I don't think I have seen any of them since we came away. We returned to Michigan in the latter part of October and early in November, 1866 I cast my first vote. It was a straight Republican ballot and I felt proud of it. I have not always voted that way. In 1877 and 1878 I voted the Greenback ticket, so-called, but not after that date. I have voted the Prohibition ticket two or three times. With those exceptions, I think, when I have voted it has been for the Republicans. I was away from home when Garfield was elected, and again in 1884, when Blaine was defeated. I should have voted for each of them if I had been where I had a right to vote.

In February, 1867, my brother, Hiram, Mr. Sinclair Abbott and I went west, looking for some farms in that section of the country. When we got to St. Louis, we thought we would go to the southwest part of Missouri. Went out that way about 40 miles, then changed our minds; returned to St. Louis, and went

about 50 miles northwest to St. Charles county, and after looking around there awhile, bought places just over the west line of St. Charles county, in the east edge of Warren county; then returned to Michigan for the rest of our families. I joined the Masonic order at Tecumseh, in March, 1867, just about 43 years ago. We got back to Missouri the first of April and wife and I lived there nearly seven years. Hiram and family returned to Michigan in the winter of 1868 on account of father's serious illness from cancer. Mr. Abbott's folks staid about two years and then they returned. Our two oldest children, your father, born August 19, 1867, and George, born April 27, 1872, were born in Missouri. I voted twice for General Grant for president while I lived there in 1868, and again in 1872. I was farming all the time I lived in that state; found a good many drawbacks. The most serious was the dry weather in the summer, lack of rain when we needed it the most to make the crops, and the chintz bugs, the latter were bad some years. They would work in all kinds of crops except grass and would take them in the order of their ripening up, commencing with wheat, then the oats, and last the corn crop the last year I was there in 1873. I think they damaged crops for me to the extent of \$500 or more. One year the cholera got among the hogs. My brother, Frank, and I lost as much as \$200 worth of them before we got rid of it. In 1870, the eastern people who lived in the neighborhood where I did, were induced to go into the business of shipping milk to St. Louis by rail, 52 miles from Wright City, our

nearest railroad station. We were to have what would have averaged us 16c a gallon for our milk, delivered at the railroad station. Well, I went into that, bought enough cows, with what I had, to make 15. They cost me on an average of \$45.00 per head, or \$675. The first year we all did well and made good money out of it; then the company failed and the new one that was organized reduced the price to an average of 12 cents per gallon. We had to guarantee the milk would be sweet upon arrival at St. Louis. Well, the result of that was that when they had more milk than they could deliver handily, they would report it sour, and we would get nothing out of it. At least we had good reasons to believe they did that way, because they reported so much of it sour, the result was that by the end of the second year, we were all ready to quit sending milk there any more. Then started shipping to a cheese factory that was started near us, that paid 8 cents a gallon for it, but there was no money in that price, and the farmers generally became disgusted and discouraged over the business, and when I sold my cows in the fall of 1873, I did not get an average of more than \$28.00 per head for what had cost me \$45.00.

I was engaged in a large harvest in 1868. We commenced the second day of July and I bound wheat and oats for about one month; within two or three days after we got through, I was taken sick on August 2nd, my 23rd birthday, and was sick for three or four weeks with a billious fever and it reduced me down so that I was not able to do much work until late in the

fall. I want to tell you of the total eclipse of the sun on August 7, 1869, at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, that I saw: We were not on the line of totality. Were about 75 miles too far west, but the sun was about eleven-twelfths covered. Just a little of one edge was all that showed. I was helping thresh oats for a neighbor and was measuring oats from the machine. They never stopped threshing to view the eclipse, so I did not have a chance to view it as I would like to have done. Could only glance up at it occasionally, but I was impressed with the ghastly and unearthly look of everything. At the time the sun was the nearest covered it was dark enough in our neighborhood so that chickens went to roost, some dogs howled, and in Illinois, on the line of totality, cattle went lowing about their pastures, showing they realized something was wrong in nature. It was certainly a remarkable event, and does not occur only at such long intervals of time.

CHAPTER 4.

In 1870, grandma, with Grant, who was then three years old, went back to Michigan for a visit. I went with them as far as St. Louis. They were gone about two months and when they returned, my brother, Frank, came back with them, and he and I carried on the farm in partnership during the year 1871. An amusing incident occurred at our home depot when they came. It was in the night, about 1 o'clock a. m., did not know that Frank was coming; supposed grandma and Grant were coming alone. They were about one day ahead of the time I expected them, and I planned to meet them at St. Louis. So I was at the depot that night waiting for a later train to take me to St. Louis, when they came. I was out on the platform to see who got off. I saw a gentleman, lady and little boy, but did not suppose it was anyone I had ever seen before. We all went into the waiting room and were there for some half hour or so before it came to me who they were. I recognized Grant first. It was a surprise all around. Grandma did not know me at all, nor Frank either, until I made myself known. But we found out who we were before I had purchased my ticket, and my train was not yet due.

In 1869, grandma's brother, Henry, and wife, Hala, went in the spring to Faribault, Minnesota, to see if it would not benefit his health, which was very poor. They staid there for about three months, but it did not prove beneficial to him, as he constantly failed, and died in June, when he was 34 years old, of con-

sumption, and in August, Eddie Kemp, her sister, Adalaide's son, died after a short illness, and Minnie Burtless, Phoebe Burtless' youngest child, died in the month of September following Eddie's death. She was four years old and Eddie was seven, and it was so that grandma could not go to any of their funerals. Missouri proved a healthy country for us. Grandma was not sick from any disease during the practically seven years we lived there, and I was only sick the time I had billious fever, in 1868. In the fall, late, of 1872, grandma, Grant and George, who was then a baby, went back to Michigan, and I followed them in January, 1873. We staid for a month or so after I got to Michigan, and then returned to Missouri, and towards the last of November of that year we all went back to Michigan for good. It had been a losing venture all around for me. In fact, I was out in all, when I finally sold the farm and closed the deal up by \$2,500 of Michigan money.

I forgot to mention in its proper place, that I was called back to Michigan about February 1, 1868, because of the serious illness of my father, who was suffering greatly from a cancer on his face. It had been eating for two or three months, and it did not seem as though he could live a week longer, but he did live until the 25th of July following, and his sufferings were something awful to think of. I staid as long as I could. I was teaching school that winter and only had a ten days' vacation, so I could not stay very long and get home in the time I had. I taught four months school that winter and two months the fol-

lowing winter, and that was all the time I have taught school in my life. In the fall of 1871, when Grant was four years old, I took him to St. Louis; we staid there over night and we went to P. T. Barnum's show while there; it was the only time I saw Mr. Barnum, and the second time I saw his show, and it was the first show that Grant ever saw. Reviewing in a general way our stay in Missouri, will say that grandma and I enjoyed it, for we had good neighbors from the north and east, during the first three and four years there were families who settled near us from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa and several other families from Michigan, so that there was some fifteen families from the states I have mentioned, and we organized a Sunday school for the summer, and had preaching once in two weeks at the schoolhouse, and generally speaking, had a good time whenever we got together. In February of 1874, after we returned to Michigan, my brother, Hiram, and I bought out a grocery store at Tipton, in Franklin township, and we carried the business on in partnership for one year. I was postmaster there for that time. In the month of February, after we returned from Missouri, during a series of revival meetings held in the M. E. church by Rev. Thomas Nichols, I decided it was time I made good the promise I made to my mother just before she passed away, that I would try and meet her in heaven when my time came to leave this world. I surrendered there to my Savior. The only regret I have in the matter is that I hadn't done it years before. Grandma joined the church the

same spring, and was a faithful Christian from that time until her death. My only desire is that myself, and the oldest of our children, will be as ready to go as she was, when our time comes to leave this world.

On the 12th of March, 1874, our only daughter, Adah Gertrude, was born, at that time she was the only girl in the Learnard family. There were nine boys, but no girl. Hiram's had three boys, Melvina had three, we had two and Sister Cordelia had one. Adah was certainly the sweetest dispositioned child I ever knew, and she was such a comfort to her mother during the three years she was spared to us, who wanted a little girl to dress and do for. During the year we lived in Tipton, Grant commenced to go to school at the Center schoolhouse, three-quarters of a mile north of Tipton. He started in with the spring term when he was six years old, past. After running the store together one year, we decided there was not business enough in it to support two families, so I sold out my interest to Hiram, and in the spring of 1875, I rented a farm in Adrian township and we moved down there. It was three miles south of Tipton on the Adrian road. Lived there one year; then moved onto Brother Frank's farm, near Tipton. Farmed it there one year, then bought a house and lot in Tipton and moved there in the spring of 1877. On the 28th of March, I went down to attend the Republican caucus in the afternoon, and when I left home about 1 p. m. Adah was apparently as well as usual, but when I returned at night found her very sick with a high fever. Was taken with severe spells of vomiting, but we thought it was

a billious attack such as our children used to have occasionally and expected she would be much better the next day, but she had a high fever all that night, was out of her head some of the time. We called a doctor before morning and the next day when he came the second time to see her, he pronounced the disease "scarlet fever" of the malignant type. After she had been sick about ten days, she seemed to be considerable better, and the doctor thought she would pull through allright, but in a few days there was a relapse. She failed rapidly after that and died on the 14th of April, when she was three years, one month, and two days old. I guess she was too good for this world. She was one of those of whom our Savior said while on earth, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Her death was an awful blow for grandma, in fact, there were times I was afraid she would go insane as a result of it. The cemetery was only about one-quarter of a mile from our house and she would go up there for hours at a time. She missed our lovely little daughter so much. The boys, Grant and George, both had the same fever, but in a mild form and we did not think they were very sick; Adah was so much worse. There was a peculiarly sad incident connected with Adah's death. A couple of hours or so before she passed away, she became blind, we did not know it until she said: "Where are you, mama, I can't see you." We were both standing by her bed at the time; then her mother took both her little hands in hers and that

seemed to satisfy her, for soon after she closed her eyes and became unconscious, and I think those were the last words she uttered. About a month before she was taken sick, her mother had purchased her a new blue veil to wear on her face. I was carrying her to church when Uncle John Pawson's people overtook us in the sleigh and invited us to ride. Aunt Ann says to Adah: "Don't you get cold this winter?" Her reply was: "No, I can't get cold, I have my new blue veil on."

There is not much to write concerning the balance of the year 1877. I was busy nearly all the time working for the people about Tipton. In 1878 I commenced book canvassing for A. W. Mills of Tecumseh. I was selling "Our First Century," a historical work, written by Judge Devans of Massachusetts. I commenced in Franklin township, took some forty-five orders there, then worked Cambridge, Rome, Rollin, Adrian and other townships; in fact, about one-half of Lenawee county that year. In 1879, Mr. Mills hired me for the year at \$40 per month, and expenses paid, and sent me to Ovid in Clinton county. I was to sell "Great Events of Our Past Century," an abridged edition of "Our First Century." I left home about February 1st, and canvassed Ovid, St. John's and some eight townships in that county, and finished up the last of September; then Mr. Mills sent me to Portland, Ioma county, to work that township and Danby for the Christmas delivery of that year. I came down to Napoleon the forepart of April and visited grandma and the two boys, and Henry Burtless' folks.

Grandma and the boys staid there during that summer, at Henry's, and the boys, Grant and George, went to school during the spring and fall terms. I came to see them again the last of September and then again just before Christmas. They had then moved to Napoleon, and that became our home until 1903 when we moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico.

CHAPTER 5.

Early in 1880, Mr. Mills hired me for that year to work for him at \$75 per month and expenses paid, to handle the same book and sent me to Ionia county, the city had been worked before, so I put in my time in the townships and I canvassed and delivered books in the county until the last of September. I was exposed to the measles the forepart of May, and as I had never had them, caught them, went home before I was taken down sick in bed, and was quite sick in bed for a week or so. I was home for about one month. The boys both took the measles from me. I got through delivering books the last of September in Ionia county, and he sent me to Holly in Oakland county for the Christmas delivery. I worked the village and township and also the township of Rose in the same county. Had a good delivery in December.

In November, 1878, Mrs. Joseph Slater died quite suddenly of apoplexy. She was grandma's step-mother, and Ida DeLong's mother. She went to Tecumseh one afternoon; got home a little after dark; ate her supper and was feeling unusually well. The last one of the family who saw her when she was conscious and apparently all right was her son, Arthur Slater, who said she was sitting in front of the fireplace, enjoying the fire, when he went to bed at 10 o'clock, and said "Good-night," to him when he started to go upstairs. Mr. Slater did not know when she came to bed, but was awakened about midnight by her groaning. He tried to arouse her, but could not, and

she never was conscious after he woke up, and died in a short time after. She was a good woman and the only mother that grandma ever knew, as her own mother died when she was only four years old.

In the year of 1881, I worked for Mr. Mills again at \$75 per month on a new book that was called "Gems For the Fireside," a collection of choice literature compiled by O. H. Tiffany, D. D. It was one of the best books of the kind that I ever saw and I sold it for about four years. Took orders for and delivered about \$9,000 worth of them.

In the year 1883, Grant graduated from our school in Napoleon. He was not 16 years old until August 19th, and it was about the middle of June when the graduating exercises took place. He was the youngest member of the class.

The last year I worked for Mr. Mills on a salary, was 1884. He sent me to the state of Iowa. I left home the 4th day of February and from that time until December, 26, I never saw a membebr of my family, which was ten months and 22 days, but we were fortunate in all keeping well during that time. The winter of 1884 and 1885 was a very hard one. I saw one morning in Iowa, about December 15th, that the thermometer was down to 35 degrees below zero, and we saw two mornings in Michigan, about the middle of February, in one week, that the temperature was 30 degrees below, and there was an unusual amount of snow on the ground that winter. During the most of the year 1885 I was handling James G. Blaine's works, "20 Years of Congress," or from Lincoln to Garfield.

It was a good work, but the publishers were so slow in getting out the second volume, that I had to make two deliveries where we expected to do it all at once. Made the delivery cost as much again as it ought to have cost, and lost some subscribers on account of the delay, so I did not get much for all my work for the year when everything was taken into account.

1881: On the 5th day of October of this year, our youngest child, Clarence, was born. There was quite a coincidence about his birthday and George's. George was born April 27, 1872, and that was President Grant's birthday, who was 50 years old, and president at the time, it was also his Grandmother Slater's birthday, and she was 50 years old—she and President Grant being exactly of an age, and Clarence's birthday was also President Arthur's and he was president when Clarence was born, and I think he was 50 at the time.

1886: I did not work away from home much this year; worked for the farmers near Napoleon the most of the time. I do not think of much of interest as to myself. Grant went into an examination for West Point that was held in Jackson. There were 17 young men from the congressional district, four were rejected on the physical examination, that left 13 for the intellectual, and Grant came out second, and got the alternate appointment. Mr. Stillson from Battle Creek, who got the appointment, went to West Point and was there rejected because of defective eyesight. So it fell upon Grant to go the 28th of August, 1886. He passed the examination at West Point, and for two

years put in hard study there; then came home for a vacation in the summer of 1888. Was with us at home for about two months; then returned to West Point the last of August for two years more. He passed the final examination and graduated a 2nd lieutenant of infantry, in June, 1890. After his graduation he got a furlough until about September, 1st, came home and visited us again, about two and a half months, then got orders to report to the 19th infantry at Mackinac Island, Michigan. George went to West Point to the graduating exercises in June, and he and Grant returned to Michigan together. Grant's standing in his class was as follows: He was 49 in a class of 94 in January, 1887, the first examination, and 32 in the class of 55, at graduation in June, 1890.

1887: I worked on commission in selling "Gems For the Fireside," for Mr. Mills this year, and had a fair year's business; mostly in the upper peninsula of the state. I met with quite a loss in September at Iron Mountain, in Dickinson county. I bought a draft for \$85 on Chicago, of the only bank there was in the place, then a city of about 6,000 inhabitants. I enclosed the draft in a letter and sent it to Mr. Mills at Tecumseh, Michigan, but when it reached Chicago, it was no good. The Iron Mountain bank had no funds to redeem it, and I never got any of the money back. The bank failed in a few days after I purchased the draft, and with the expense of protesting it in Chicago, and some other expenses, I was out nearly \$90, which was a total loss to me.

1888: There was nothing of interest to report this

year. I worked about home the most of the time. George commenced to clerk for Mr. Curtis in his store.

1889: I worked near home for the farmers until the first of August, when Mr. F. E. Curtis, who had been-made postmaster at Napoleon, made me assistant postmaster under him, and I worked in the office as long as he remained postmaster, or for three years and eleven months. Mr. Curtis was a busy man and left the running of the office entirely with me. Sometimes he would not come into the back part of the office once in a week to do any part of the postoffice work. He was a nice man to work for and I liked the postoffice business and enjoyed the position; so we got along finely. During the time I was in the office I handled about \$28,000 of money order funds, and \$2,000 received from sales of stamps and postoffice supplies, or \$30,000 in all, and I only remember losing \$1.00. Someone passed a bogus silver dollars on me at one time in a rush of issuing money orders, that I had to make good. That I think was a pretty good record, considering the amount of money I handled. In 1891, I was nominated and elected township clerk, and was re-elected in 1892. I did not care for it any longer after the two years were up. In these two years George was clerking for John Kane in a store at Onsted, Michigan. About the first of December, 1892, he went to the city of Detroit, looking for a position of some kind; did not find anything of a permanent character, so he came back to Ann Arbor about January 1, 1893, and went to work for the Ann Arbor Organ Company, under Mr. Clements,

who was manager, and he staid with them for three years, then when Mr. Clements went to Wheeling, West Virginia, George went down there and put in about three years working for the Baumer Piano Company, at that place.

In 1894, in the month of June, I put in the whole month as census enumerator for our township for the state census of that year. I was appointed by the town board; found the total inhabitants of the township was 1,026, a gain of 27 from the United States census in 1890, which was 999. In the August of 1893, I went to Hanover, Michigan, to take charge of the cucumber pickling house at that place for Williams Bros. & Charbonneau of Detroit. I finished receiving cucumbers the 4th of October, took in about 12,000 bushels in all. A few days after I returned home, I got word from Grant, who was then at Sault Ste Marie, Michigan, that he was going to Chicago to the World's fair, and wanted Clarence and I to meet him there, which we did, and we put in the 11th, 12th and 13th days of October together on the fair grounds and had an enjoyable time.

1894: Having told you about how near I came to being killed by the cars in Chicago in 1866, I will tell you of another incident which was the nearest approach to death I have ever had; in fact, it seemed almost a miracle that I escaped with my life. It occurred in Dover township, Lenawee county, about two miles east of the village of Clayton, on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern R. R., and was about the 15th of December. I was delivering some books I had

sold at Dover Center. I was delivering from Clayton; took the train from there with the number of books I had to deliver at the Center, the middle of the afternoon, expecting to walk back to Clayton when I got through with my delivery. There was no train to come back on, so I started to walk, just after dark, on the track. It was snowing quite hard, with a good, strong wind from the west, so it was right in my face. The conditions were all against me. The track was filled up with snow to the top of the rails and that deadened all sound. I had my overcoat collar turned up to keep snow out of my neck. I knew there were no regular trains due, so I was not watching for them at all. I was in front of a house that stood near the track, with lamps set in the window and that cast a light across the track, so I thought the light that shown around me came from the lamp. Suddenly, I was warned that my life was in danger; I looked over my shoulder, and the headlight of the engine seemed almost over me. I made the quickest move that I ever made in my life. I just threw myself sideways off the track. How I got my feet out of the way, I don't know. I hardly struck the snow before I felt the whirl and eddy from the engine. It was a wild engine and tender that must have been running 35 or 40 miles an hour. I don't believe I had an entire second of time to get out of the way.

In the fall of 1894, I again went to Hanover and took charge of a cucumber pickling house. I was up there about two months and took in 8,250 bushels for the season.

This year finished the book business for me, and I sold and delivered about \$16,000 worth of books during the time I was in the business.

At the Republican caucus in March, 1895, I was nominated for supervisor of the township and elected at the town meeting the first of April, following. The first day of April was grandma's birthday, and she was 50 years old. Her sisters and other relatives decided to surprise her on that day, which they did in a measure, (although she had mistrusted what was coming.) There were some 25 of them came to our place in Napoleon, and we certainly had a fine time, and she received some fine presents. Clarence knew all about it and had for sometime, but not a word from him. Grant could not come, but George was there. The last of July, I went to Hanover again and took charge of the pickle house for the last time and had a very poor turn out. It was the last; the firm moved away before another season.

In the spring (1896), I was nominated and elected for the second time as supervisor of our township.

In the month of August, and on the 24th day, there occurred an awful accident for our family. I had bought Clarence a bicycle about a week before this time and he could ride quite well, as he had learned before he got his wheel. He and a neighbor boy, Earl Elliott, about his age, who had a wheel, went out into the country, about one mile, to see about getting a watermelon or so, and when they came back to town about 5 o'clock p. m., they were riding on the sidewalk, or where one would have been, (if there had

been any in the village at that time). When they came in front of a house near the center of the village, there was a baby cab on the walk, so they had to leave the walk and take to the street. The Elliott boy was ahead. Just as they left the walk for the street there was a man going towards Jackson, who was driving one horse quite fast before quite a heavy one-horse wagon, and was over on one side of the road. The result was, that the Elliott boy just missed running into this man's wagon and Clarence, some way, we know not exactly how, collided with the front end of the wagon in such a way that he was rendered unconscious and lived only about five hours after. I don't think he was conscious at all after the accident occurred. It was an awful shock to all of us and especially so to his mother. That and Adah's death were the two great sorrows of grandma's life. Clarence was in the class that graduated from our school the following June. Grant had very generously agreed to pay the expense necessary for Clarence to go through the University at Ann Arbor, and his mother and I had planned to move there so he could board at home, and he intended to go, so the disappointment was great all around.

CHAPTER 6.

I made an effort to get the position of postmaster in the year 1897, at Napoleon, in the spring, but the office was held by a young lady, Miss Mattie Crosby. Her father was appointed by Cleveland in 1893, he died in 1895, and his daughter, who had been assistant postmaster under her father, was appointed postmistress after her father's death, and the authorities in Washington decided to let her stay the four years anyway, and she did stay until the spring of 1900, when I got the appointment and took possession of the office May 1st, 1900. I did not allow my name to be voted on in the caucus for supervisor this spring. In the fall, commencing about August 1st, I had charge of the cucumber pickle house at home. The season was not very good and we only took in about 6,000 bushels. It was the last season the house was run there. The company took it down and moved it away. Grant got his promotion to the rank of 1st lieutenant in March, 1897, and was ordered to join the 14th infantry at Vancouver, Washington. He still belongs to that regiment, although now, 1910, he is a member of the general staff, and is and has been for about one and one-half years, stationed at Washington, D. C.

In 1891 a chance came to buy a house and lot in Napoleon at what we considered a bargain, and Grant generously agreed to furnish the most of the money, so it was purchased in August of that year, and we moved in the 8th of September and lived there until

the forepart of 1903, when we came here to live. I found out by doing a little figuring, that in the twelve years we had lived in Napoleon, that I had paid out \$650 for rent of houses to live in and nothing to show for it either.

1898: There isn't much to record for myself this year. I worked about home until the last of July, then went to Jerome, Michigan, to take charge of a new pickle house for Williams Bros., of Detroit. While I was there your grandmother went to Byron, Michigan, to visit her sister, Ida DeLong, and staid until I came home, the 1st of October.

Grant with his own and several other companies from his regiment, were ordered to Skagway, Alaska, early this year. They got there about the 5th of March, I think. Were there about one month, then his company and another were ordered to go on an exploring trip into the interior of Alaska, going north from Cook's inlet on the south coast. They were under command of Major Glenn. They were in Alaska for about five months and Grant did not get back to the states again before the first of November. He came home on a visit early in 1899. George came to Toledo, Ohio, and we all visited with friends there. We then went to Adrian, to visit with my sister and family; from there we went to Tipton and from there home; and about the time we got to Napoleon, Grant got an order by telegraph to join his regiment at Manila, Philippine Islands. He left San Francisco the 20th of April, and arrived at Manila, May 18th, being 28 days on the water. He was

in an engagement with the Filipinos and was wounded on June 11th, but did not go to the hospital on account of the wound until the 15th. He staid there then until the 2nd day of August, when he was discharged. On the 31st day of October, 1899, George came home from Canal Dover, Ohio, where he and another young man, about his age, were just starting a piano business of their own on a small scale. George had been sick for a week or two with a severe cold and the quinzey, and the doctor advised him to go home for a little rest. During his visit at home we decided to move to New Mexico or Colorado, and as George knew a young man in Albuquerque, we decided to come here, and in the meantime we had a letter from Grant, in which he urged us strongly to go to New Mexico. Your grandmother and I, with George, started from Napoleon, Mich., on March 8th, 1900, and arrived here the 10th. I staid with them for four weeks, then returned to Napoleon, Mich., for I had been appointed postmaster there. Your grandmother remained with him, and he continued to improve, and in about four months' time he commenced doing business for himself. He went into partnership with his friend Mr. Hall, under the firm name of Hall & Learnard, up to September, 1903, when George bought Mr. Hall out and he ran the business himself until the spring of 1905, when Mr. Henry Lindeman, of St. Louis, Mo., went into partnership with him under the firm name of Learnard & Linderman, Mr. Linderman put-

ting in \$5,000 as capital in the business. Mr. Lindermann would have made a fine partner for George if his health hadn't failed him. After about one year his health failed rapidly and he had to give up business and died in July, 1906. During the month of April, 1910, Mr. F. H. Martin, formerly of Minnesota, invested in the business, buying out the Linderman interest and the new firm was incorporated under the name of the Learnard & Lindermann Co., George being elected president; myself, vice president, and F. H. Martin, secretary and treasurer. It is the largest music house in the Territory of New Mexico. George has been a member of the city council, from the Second ward for the past six years, from 1904 to 1910. Among other good things that he has done since he has been in Albuquerque, is about five years ago he got about 25 boys, whose average age was about 13 years, and organized the Learnard & Lindermann Boy's band. They had several different instructors for the first three years, and about two years ago Mr. F. K. Ellis took charge of the boys; since that time they have become very proficient, and are now recognized as one of the best bands of the southwest. Mr. Ellis has had a great deal of experience in the music business himself, having been a member of the Barnum & Bailey show band, in this country and in Europe for about 12 years, and is a fine instructor.

1900: I left Albuquerque, April 7th, for home, and on May 1st took possession of the postoffice at Napoleon as postmaster and held it until I resigned

the position, March 1st, 1903, to come here with your grandmother, to live with George. In the two years and ten months I was postmaster there I handled about \$22,000 of postal and money order funds without any loss whatever, except about \$2.00 in change. Just one year after I went into the office it was robbed one night of \$88.12 of stamps and about \$2.00 in small change. The robbers blew open the safe door and got all the stamps there was inside, except the postage due stamps they could not make any use of. I had \$60.00 worth of stamps at home, so I went right along with business the next day. The robbers would have gotten \$148 worth if those I had at home had been in the safe. Inside of six months the government allowed me to take credit for the stamps that were stolen. In February, 1901, I decided to visit George and his mother in Albuquerque, who I had not seen in ten months. I got there about the 10th and found them well, and had a nice visit. Your grandmother decided to return with me and we left Albuquerque the 13th of March, went first to Toledo, Ohio, and visited Henry Burtless' folks; from there we went to Tipton to see J. B. Kemp's and from there to Napoleon. We arrived home about the 25th of March. Grant was in a very hard campaign in 1900. His regiment was ordered from Manila to Tientsin, China, to form a part of the Allied forces, that were to go to Pekin, China, to relieve the members of the foreign legations, who were besieged there by the Boxer uprising. The Allied forces left Tientsin, August 4th, fought the Boxers at Peitsang the 5th, and

at Yantsun the 8th, the 14th infantry were in that battle, and the heat was so great that there were about as many officers and men overcome by the terrible heat, as there were killed and wounded by the bullets of the enemy. The Allies started again that night in the direction of Pekin, arrived before Tungchow about twelve miles from Pekin, on August 12th. There was some fighting at that place, but the Boxers soon fled; the 14th U. S. were not engaged in that fight; the next day they pushed on for Pekin, and the 14th arrived before the walls, (which were about 30-foot high and nearly perpendicular) in the forenoon of the 14th. They had no scaling ladders, or anything of the kind and were undecided what to do at first. Grant, who was regimental adjutant, suggested that it might be possible to climb the walls by taking advantage of places where some of the bricks had fallen out, and going up in a corner of the wall. A young fellow, who was a musician in the regiment, by the name of Titus, volunteered to make the attempt and was successful in it, and as soon as he reached the top, Grant followed him, so that he was the first officer and the second man to scale the walls of Pekin. After he was up, others of the younger and more agile officers and men followed, until there was quite a force on the walls. Guns were drawn up by cords and about 11 a. m. the flag of the regiment was flung to the breeze and was the first flag of the Allied forces raised on the walls of Pekin. Colonel Daggett was an old man and could not climb the walls, so he gave Grant command of all the forces that were on the walls.

He recommended Grant highly for promotion to the rank of major for his conduct at that time. The regiment remained in Pekin for about two months, doing guard and other duty. They were then ordered back to Manila, had an awful rough passage in crossing the China sea, and came near being shipwrecked. They were caught in a typhon, but eventually got to Manila all right. George sent us a telegram about Christmas, 1902, that he had a chance to rent a large house at a bargain if his mother and I would come to Albuquerque, and live with him. We decided to do so, and your grandmother went about the middle of January, just as soon as she could get away and I resigned the position of postmaster and followed her the forepart of March and arrived here the 10th, and this has been our home ever since.

1903: There was a family from Onsted, Michigan, Mrs. Perkins and three children. Mrs. Perkins came here for her health, who we soon got acquainted with, and from that time until Mrs. Perkins' death in November, 1904, your grandmother and Mrs. Perkins were very great friends. The two families of us went out in the Sandia mountains, about 15 miles from here, in the summer of 1903, and camped for ten days and had an enjoyable time.

1904: Arthur Burtless, wife and daughter, Mildred, came here from Toledo, Ohio. Arthur had been chosen as chief of the fire department here and he still holds that position. I doubt if there is a city in the United States of the size of Albuquerque that can show as small a loss from fire during the past five

years as this city can, and that is considered a good test of the efficiency of the fire department. Under ordinary circumstances, I think the chief here will hold his job as long as he cares to stay at the salary he is getting, which is \$110 per month. He certainly ought to have \$125 per month.

1891: Grant and his regiment came home about the middle of the summer, and the headquarters and most of the regiment were stationed at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, across the river from St. Paul. Grant was married at Sault Ste Marie, Michigan, the 7th of November of this year to Miss Florida Lyon, who lived with her mother at that place. They came to see your grandmother and I at Napoleon right away after the wedding. They staid with us for about a week, then left for Grant's station at Fort Snelling. He was then regimental adjutant, and had to be at the headquarters of the regiment. The next year the headquarters were moved to Detroit, or Fort Wayne, and George, coming home on a visit in August, and his mother and I visited them at that station the last of August. It was the only chance we have had to visit them since they were married. They came to Napoleon just before Christmas, 1902, and staid through the holidays and we had a fine visit with them. The regiment were ordered to the Philippine Islands again in 1903 and left Detroit about February 10th for San Francisco. Florida went with Grant. They were stationed at Calboyog, on the Island of Samar, for the two years the regiment was gone from the states. Florida had a chance to visit China and Ja-

pan while she was gone and saw a good deal of the world. The regiment came back to the United States in April, 1905, and was stationed at Vancouver, Washington, and headquarters of the regiment remained there until they returned to Manila in January, 1908. On August 19, 1907, there was born to them on the day Grant was 40 years old, a son, and our only grandson, Henry Grant Learnard, Jr. Your grandmother and I and Uncle George never saw you until you were five months' old, when your mama brought you to our home in Albuquerque, New Mexico, to stay with us until your father returned from Manila, Philippine Islands, which he did in May, 1908, so we had a good chance to get well acquainted with you, for you three staid with us until the 20th of June; after your papa returned from Manila, when your papa and mama left here to go to Los Angeles, California from which place your father came back here on August 19th, staid about a week and then left to assume his duties as a member of the general staff in Washington, for a four-year term. You and your mother came here the last of September and staid until October 13th, when you left for Washington also, and that time when we parted at the depot was the last time your dear grandmother saw you and your mother. During that year, 1908, Florida, your mother, and I came to know you better than we had before, and in a large measure you came to fill in our affection, the place of our only daughter, Adah, or the place she would have occupied if she had lived.

In March of 1904, Clyde Alexander, Carrie and

George's son, came here. He made his home with us until his Uncle Arthur and Aunt Anna came in July, following at which time he boarded with them but roomed with us for a year later, when they went to keeping house by themselves, then he went with them. He secured a position in the postoffice after successfully passing an examination, and worked there about one and one-half years. The postmaster spoke in the highest terms of him and his work. Clyde, in June, 1906, went to Estancia, New Mexico, to clerk in a store there, thinking there would be a better chance to rise there than in the postoffice here. He worked there about six months and came back about January 15, 1907, sick. It soon developed into typhoid fever and he died the 7th of February, when he lacked only a little over one month of being 21 years old. He was an *exceptionally fine young man*, and would have made a fine business man if he had lived. His mother was notified of his serious condition and came as soon as possible, but was too late to see him alive. Arthur Burtless went back to Toledo with his sister and Clyde's body.

1905: Grandma and Aunt Anna went back to Toledo, Ohio, and the places in Michigan this summer, visiting. They were gone until August 1st, when they returned. George and I kept house alone while your grandmother was gone.

Early in the year 1907, Phoebe Burtless became very sick with stomach trouble. The doctors could not agree as to what it was; some thought it was cancer of the stomach, and some, who examined her,

thought something else. She became worse all the time and along in May, I suggested to your grandmother, that perhaps she had better go back to Toledo and help take care of her sister. She thought so, too, and left here June 4th, and did not get back until October 4th. She was gone just four months. Anna and Mildred went the same time your grandmother did, but they came back about one month earlier, when your grandmother came October 4th. Henry Burtless and Phoebe came also; some thought the change of climate would benefit her, but she only lived nine days here and died on the 13th of October. That proved to be a hard summer for your grandmother. About one month after Phoebe died, she had a severe attack of the grippe, then when she was getting over that she had the misfortune to get a very hard fall out of the back door of our house, that shook her up terribly and nearly broke her arm, injured it so, that it was six or eight months before she had the natural use of it. Then we had to move the forepart of February, 1908, so that it seemed that she so many things that were so hard for her. In the first place, Clyde died the forepart of February, and she thought so much of him; then she went to Toledo, and for so long a time she took all the care of Phoebe at night; then they came here and Phoebe lived only nine days, then her death, and after that she had a severe attack of the grippe and before she had regained her strength from that she had that awful fall; so that the year, taken as a whole, was a very hard one for her. It was hard for us to secure help for her dur-

ing the time that you, your mama and papa were here in 1908, that was any good, so she did more work than she ought to have done that year. I helped her some but not what I would have done, if I could have known her real condition, for there is no doubt those cancers were growing all through that year. She wanted to do so much for her little grandson. She would often go upstairs and get him in the morning and carry him out to the yard so he could see the cow and chickens. He seemed to enjoy that so much, but she ought not to have carried him downstairs and around as she did. She kept around and doing the work with what I helped her, until the morning of the 15th of December. There was a dressmaker here making her a dress, who came the day before and had it well under way. She was measuring your grandmother for something about the dress that morning, when your grandmother came near fainting away. We got her off to bed as soon as we could and from that time she was very sick until her death at 5 o'clock on February 27, 1909. She was sick almost eleven weeks, but was so patient through it all. She never complained; she told me one night, when she had only been sick about three weeks, that she did not think she would ever get well. On December 25th, Dr. Belden and his wife (who was Alta Mills before she married, and whom grandma had known ever since she was a baby), came to our house and lived with us until after grandma died. Mrs. Belden had experience as a trained nurse and took most excellent care of grandma, in fact, I told her that she could not have

done more if it had been her own mother she was doing for. Dr. Belden, who saw grandma every day for about nine weeks said she was the "finest example of patience and resignation" in her sickness that he ever saw in his life. To show how well prepared she was to go and how confident as to where she was going when she left this life, I will repeat here what she said to Alta a short time before she passed away. She and Alta were talking about the dear ones who had died, Adah, Clarence and others, and Alta asked her who she wanted to see most, and grandma said: "Oh, I want to see Jesus, my Savior." Then about thirty-six hours before she passed away, when her finger nails were already turning black under them, she was looking at them and knowing what that meant, she said to Alta, who was beside the bed: "Alta, do you know where I am going? Well," she said, "I am going straight to heaven." The good Lord was merciful to her at the last. She had said to me when in good health that she dreaded death, because she had seen some die so hard, struggle so for breath and rattle so in their throats at the last, but she died so quietly and gently that we could hardly tell when she had ceased to breathe. We had a short service at our house on the afternoon of March 2nd, giving the neighbors, who wished to come in, a chance to do so and see grandma for the last time. A good many came, and that night at 7:30, Henry Burtless, your papa (who had been in Albuquerque for about a week), and I started on our sad journey of 1,600 miles to Napoleon, Michigan. George could not go although he wanted to go

so bad. We arrived at Napoleon on the morning of the 5th where we met the relatives who lived in Toledo, Ohio, and different places in Michigan. The regular funeral services were held at the M. E. church at 3 p. m. (where your grandma attended the services so faithfully for so many years and for the success of which she had so earnestly worked and prayed), and from there we went to our lot in the beautiful cemetery at Napoleon and laid grandma to rest beside Clarence and Adah, and where I expect to be laid by her side when my time shall come to leave this world.

CHAPTER 7.

Your papa and I went to Tipton to see Uncle Jehiel Kemp's folks, Ray, Addie and Glenn. Then on Monday of the 8th of March, in the morning, we went to Toledo, together to George Alexander's and that night your papa left for Washington and I have seen none of you since that time. I called upon my sister and other relatives and was at different places in Michigan until the 18th, when I left for home and arrived in Albuquerque, on the night of March 20th. I did not enjoy the visits I made very much because your grandma had most always been with me before. Dr. Belden and wife staid with George and I until October 1st, when George decided to rent the large brick house for a year and he and I moved into two rooms of a small house that belongs to the firm of Learnard & Linderman, and we are living there yet. On the 8th of May, 1909, Leon Allen and Ruth, his wife, with two children, and Bertha Taylor, Ruth's sister, came here from Michigan for the benefit of Ruth's health, (the sisters are your grandma's second cousins). The doctor in Michigan said Ruth had a tubercular knee. On the 1st day of June her leg was amputated above the knee at the hospital here. They are all here yet and are doing well at this time. Mr. Allen is working for the fire department in our city. The doctor who has attended Ruth the most of the time, advises them not to return to Michigan this year anyway.

At this time I desire to say something concerning Dr. Cornish, our family physician, for the six years

time we have lived in Albuquerque, New Mexico, he was so good and kind to your grand-mother in her last illness; would come at any time, day or night, when we called him by telephone. One night he came three times and staid an hour or more at one visit. Many times he came at night and seemed so anxious to do something to relieve and help grandma. No one could have been any more kind and attentive than he was. In fact, he proved himself a faithful friend as well as a good physician, and I wanted this testimony to be a part of these recollections.

Your grandma was the soul of truthfulness and honesty, and nothing would cause her to lose confidence in or respect for a person so quickly as to find out that they had lied to her, or tried to deceive her in some way. To show what she thought of the marriage obligation, "to care for each other in sickness, as well as in health," I will tell what she planned to do for me at one time. It was in the fall of 1883, when Clarence was two years old, George 11, (your papa was in Iowa at the time, working for his cousin, Frank Packard), I was working on the line of the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad, about 250 miles from home, and there was a good many cases of smallpox in the towns on the railroad where I was and I was likely to catch the disease. Grandma made arrangements with her sister, Phoebe Burtless, for to leave Clarence in her care, and George was to board there and go to school while she was to go where I was and take care of me if she heard that I had taken the smallpox. I did not get the disease, as good for-

tune would have it, so she did not have to go, but just think of the sacrifices she was going to make on my account; leave Clarence and George, Clarence being practically only a baby, and come where I was, not knowing how the disease would terminate with me, and take the chance of contracting the loathsome disease herself. It seems to me a strong evidence of the love she had for me. She told me all about her plans when I came home in December after. Grandma helped to care for so many young ladies here in Albuquerque who came here for their health. I remember three who died within a month, and she was with two of them at the last; she never spared herself, but wanted to do everything she could to make their last hours more comfortable and easy, if it was possible to do so.

To show the wonderful improvements that have taken place since 1850, I will say that there were no lights in houses in the country districts, only that made by candles; we only got our mail twice a week, nothing but weekly papers taken among the farmers; all the grass was cut by scythes, and all the grain by cradles; no horse rakes then; all the hay was raked by hand; no telephones anywhere; no screens for doors or windows; no sewing machines in the farmers houses, all the sewing had to be done by hand, and besides other improvements that I cannot now recall.

I think this closes my recollections as to what this life has been to me; will say that in a financial way it has been a failure, not that I have ever cheated or defrauded any one in any way, for I feel that I have

not, but I mean that I have not the faculty to save or accumulate property. I seem to have missed my calling in life. I have been impressed with this saying, I know not the author: "There is a time in the tide of the lives of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fame or fortune, but if not improved passes never to return." If there is a calling, that seems to be my forte, it is in the line of statistics. I delight in them; they are dry and meaningless to a great many people, but not so to me. I believe that if I could have secured a position in the census or some other statistical bureau in Washington forty years ago, I might have made a record or reputation that would have added something to the Learned name. I have an estimate in the house of the population of every state and territory in the United States, which makes a total of 90,655,000, as will be shown by the census so soon to be taken, that I am saving for comparison, and also an estimate of the fifty cities that I think will have from 100,000 up to 4,550,000 of Greater New York.

Grant, Jr., there is a larger sense in regard to success or failure in this life, that I feel like writing about for your benefit, and I trust when you reach young manhood that you will read and ponder over, for what I shall write here will be the same as my last words to you on this subject.

In order to secure our well being in the great future life, that we all will come to sooner or later, and when that time shall come the greatest desire of my heart is, that we each and all may be as ready to go as was my mother and your grandmother. To my

mind there are two very essential principles that must be observed. First: Recognize and believe in God, as our Creator and thus far Preserver; and second: In Jesus Christ as our Savior and Mediator. There are three other important duties that it is proper and right for us to observe if time and opportunity offers, but they are not saving ordinances. The first is, to make public confession of our faith for the influence it will have on others, and second, unite ourselves with some branch of the Christian church for the benefit it will be to ourselves and others; and third, to observe the ordinance of baptism in some form for that is an outward expression of an inward change of purpose and of life. To illustrate what I mean by the first two duties being all essential, I will cite the second inaugural address of President Lincoln; I don't believe any man with a candid mind can carefully and thoughtfully read that and not recognize that the author had not become a true Christian at some time during his first term, because of the awful responsibilities that had rested upon him. That paper, it seems to me, is permeated with the God-like principle of justice, and the Christ-like principle of forgiveness. I believe the author would have made public confession of his faith, and would have allied himself with some Christian church, if his life had been spared. To illustrate what I mean, I will quote from the inaugural address: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away, but if God wills that it should continue, until every dollar of wealth piled by the bondsmen, 250 years of

unrequited toil, shall have been spent, and every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall have been repaid, by one drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of God are true and righteous altogether." Then to illustrate the spirit of forgiveness, the author says: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, let us strive on in the great work we are in to the end, that we may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace, between ourselves and with all nations." On this theory that it is possible for a person to make their peace with God, without a public statement in regard to it, I base my belief that Clarence was saved, although his young life was blotted out so suddenly. One thing that has caused me to feel that way, was the selection he made for his teacher, Mrs. McCready, during the winter term before he died. She requested every member of the literature class to bring her a favorite quotation. She cared not where they obtained it, and Clarence gave that one from Psalms, 103 chapter and the 14th verse, which is in these words: "For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." The selection to my mind shows that he was then thinking, or had thought deeply on his relation to his God.

As to the failures of this life in the larger sense, will say, that as I understand God's word, all who do not at some time in life recognize and believe in the two essential principles mentioned, (I care not what exalted positions in a worldly sense they may have filled or how the world has thought of them), will

come to realize either just before they pass out of this life or very soon after that their lives here were a failure, and would be a never ending one in that great future life they are just entering upon.

CHAPTER 8.

When I had finished, as I supposed, writing these recollections, along about May 1st, I found myself in a sort of a run down condition physically. I consulted Dr. Cornish about it and he advised me to go to California for two or three months, get a lower altitude and get where it was cooler, get the ocean breeze, take ocean baths, and he said he thought I would return feeling much benefited. I took his advice and enjoyed my three months' stay there very much; it does not seem as though I have experienced any real summer weather in 1910; it was so cool there compared with the hot weather we usually have in Albuquerque in June, July and August. As this trip came in 1910 and can be included in the time covered by my story or book, have decided to write something of what I saw while I was gone and have it printed with the rest in the 60 years' recollection:

I left home at 11:30 a. m., May 24th, and arrived at Los Angeles, California, at 2:30 p. m. May 25th, having traveled 888 miles in 27 hours. There is not much of interest to write concerning what I saw on the way, for the scenery was most monotonous, nearly all the distance that I traveled by daylight, from Winslow, Arizona, 285 miles from Albuquerque, to the other side of Needles, California, was passed over in the night, about 320 miles, and I do not know as to that so well, but of the rest, after leaving the Rio Grande valley, with the exception of Bluewater and La Guna, New Mexico, and Holbrook and Winslow, Arizona,

there is nothing to be seen but sage brush, cactus, sand and the mountains, either on one or both sides of the track. For a hundred miles, in fact, after crossing the Colorado river there was not much change until we passed Barstow, California, and approached the San Bernardino mountains; the scenery was beautiful in crossing those mountains. The highest peak, which was said to be about 12,000 feet, was covered with snow for 500 to 1,000 feet from the summit; the others were bare of snow, but were covered with small pine to the tops, and certainly were fine and beautiful to look upon. The city of San Bernardino is right at the foot of the mountains and on the edge of the Mohave desert; it is a railroad town of about 12,000 people and is a very hot place in summer.

It is about 65 miles from this place to Los Angeles, and there are five or six small towns between, besides the city of Pasadena, which has about 25,000 inhabitants and is eight or ten miles from the greater city of Los Angeles and will become a part of the latter city before many years pass by. I staid one day at Los Angeles, and found that it was a very busy and growing place; in fact, I expect it will show the largest per cent of increase for the past ten years of any city in the United States that had 100,000 or more in 1900; probably 175 per cent. or more. I went to Santa Monica, 17 miles away, on May 26th; found Thomas Hughes and wife, made arrangements for a room with them and staid with them for three months or until August 25th. I certainly enjoyed my stay there and hope they did also, for it seemed like home to me. It

was on this trip on the trolley line, that I had my first view of the great Pacific ocean, which in area is larger than all the land surface of the globe, if it could be rolled into one great continent, and my interest in that immense body of water never ceased while I staid in California. What impressed me the most was the never-ending motion of the surf and the tide that has been going on since the dawn of creation and will continue as long as time lasts, and the unlimited power that is constantly going to waste, which, if it could be harnessed and utilized would furnish an inexpensive and exhaustless power to run all the manufacturing industries, public lighting, etc., in all the sea coast cities in the world. While there are some serious problems to solve in the matter, I believe that some genius in the not distant future will overcome them and give to the world one of the greatest inventions of modern times.

California is, indeed, the land of flowers and has a lovely climate, especially on the coast, for rarely does the temperature go above 85 degrees in the hottest part of the day. It can be recommended to all those who desire to get away from the heat of the summer months. There is nearly always a nice breeze in the afternoon from off the ocean, and the nights are delightfully cool.

There were two things I missed very much since I left Santa Monica; one was the continual rolling in onto the beach of the surf waves. My room was about 40 rods from the beach and I would awake in the night and listen to the breaking of waves on the sandy shore, and the other was the long and wide ce-

ment walk that extended from the municipal pier at Santa Monica, to Venice, a distance of 2 1-2 miles. It was 21 feet wide and was built right on the beach of the ocean. I traveled over it twice every day for 1 1-2 miles and return in going to my meals for a month or six weeks, and it was a delightful walk to take. While I was staying at Santa Monica I visited the Soldiers' home, four miles away, several times. There are about 2,200 inmates who are getting to be quite old men for the average age is nearly 70 years, and they are passing away at an average of 35 a month or about 400 a year, and in ten years from now their numbers will be small, indeed. There are about 2,700 buried in the cemetery at that place.

I was over to Redondo beach two or three times. It was 12 miles from Santa Monica, and for eight miles of the distance the trolley cars run right on the beach of the ocean, making it a delightful trip to take. It was a pretty place with about 4,000 people. There are several of those Ocean Beach towns that are fine places to spend the summer months in and get rid of the hot weather of the east; practically the same conditions are found in all of them. I will name them: Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Redondo Beach, Long Beach and Huntington Beach, and they are all within 15 to 25 miles from Los Angeles.

There are five different piers near Santa Monica that are built out into the water for from 1,500 feet to 5,000 feet in length, but the finest and most expensive one is the Municipal pier, at Santa Monica; it is built of cement, is 2,000 feet long, and cost \$80,-

000. There are several points of interest a person can visit in and near Los Angeles. I went to Alpine Tavern, on Mt. Lowe, which is 5,000 feet above sea level. The view from what is called Inspiration point, I am told, is very fine, but the day I went up, it was unusually foggy and there was nothing to see only the mountains, but there were many interesting things to be seen and I enjoyed the trip very much, especially along the five-mile ride on the trolley line, where we raise 2,000 feet in going that distance. There is also the Cawston ostrich farm, where are some 200 of the birds, old and young, and also the Alligator farm, at East Lake Park, where there are about 600 alligators young and old. I found many interesting sights at these places, but the trip I took by steamer, 14 miles out from San Pedro, to Santa Catalina Island, and the sights I saw on the glass-bottomed boats as we were passing over the so-called submarine gardens, were the finest I saw in California, and if any of my readers ever find themselves in Los Angeles don't leave there until you take this trip and see the fish at home in the ocean among the kelp, or sea weed. It was the richest sight to look upon I think I ever saw in my life. I read last spring that a German nobleman was so impressed with Colonel Roosevelt's description of what he saw there that he made the journey from Germany across the ocean and across this continent and return to see the sights for himself.

While I enjoyed my stay in California very much there came a time about the first of August that I began to wish myself back home again, and if it had

not been for a letter I got from my son urging me to stay until about September 1st. I would have come home two or three weeks earlier than I did, but decided to stay after getting his letter. When my three months were up at Santa Monita, August 25th, I went up to Los Angeles and staid with your Aunt Minnie and Uncle Norman Foote, for about five days. I enjoyed my visit with them very much and trust they did also. I went with your mama's uncle, Colonel Handy, to Long Beach one day and found him a very interesting companion. He told me many incidents of interest concerning the Civil war period and also some of the early history of California. I went one day to Pasadena and visited with him and his sister, Mrs. Davis, and had one of the pleasantest and most agreeable days I had while I was gone. On Tuesday, August 30th, at 9 a. m., having bid good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Foote, I left Los Angeles on my trip home, having been gone for over three months, the longest time I ever saw in my life that I had nothing at all to do only to kill time, eat and sleep. Our train was on time until we passed Barstow, about 40 or 50 miles and were near Ludlow, California, when we were stopped by a very severe thunder storm which approached a cloudburst, carrying out a bridge and the track grade for quite a distance, and we were held there for 14 hours until the damage could be repaired. We arrived at Williams, Arizona, at 8 p. m. and the next morning I left there at 6:30 for the Grand Canyon which is 63 miles away by railroad. Our party got to the Grand Canyon three hours later and I put in five or six hours

of pretty strenuous walking and sightseeing that I will try and describe as well as I can to my readers. I will say at first, however, that everything connected with it is on such a gigantic scale that there is nothing to compare it with, but some figures describing it will give one a general idea of its immensity. It is said to be 217 miles in length, and from four to thirteen miles in width, and the rim, or top, is from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the Colorado river. It is, without doubt, the grandest gorge or chasm on the face of the earth. I started with some others to go down Bright Angel trail, which is said to be five miles long to the nearest approach to the water. I walked down the trail for about the distance of one-half mile, probably descended in that distance 1,000 feet. I rested there for a while, then decided to return to the rim. It was well I did so, for when I reached the summit my heart was beating very rapidly and I was nearly exhausted. There was quite a nice breeze blowing at the top when I went down, but the stillness at the lowest point I reached seemed to me like that of the grave, not a leaf moving and not a sound of any kind to be heard, *absolute solitude*. After I came up and rested for a while I decided to go to a point on the rim about 3 1-2 miles from the El Tovar hotel, thinking that from there I might be able to see the water of the river and see the gorge up and down that I could not from in front of the hotel. I was not able to go far enough down the inner gorge to see the water, but had a magnificent view both up and down the canyon, so that I felt well repaid for the travel I took. One way I could

see for 20 or 25 miles, I judge, and quite a distance the other. To give you an idea of the inner gorge in which the river flows 5,000 feet or more below the rim, you can see it from in front of the hotel, some three or four miles away, but it looks as though it might be 30 or 40 feet wide, but it is said to be from 350 to 400 feet and the water is nearly 2,000 feet below the rim of the inner gorge; the outer walls are nearly perpendicular and from 2,500 to 3,000 feet high and built up with layers of red and gray granite. There is a layer of the gray or white granite that extends for miles on the opposite walls of the gorge that is just as clear and distinct in its outlines as though it was laid by man; the layer is eight or ten miles away and looks as though it was 10 or 15 feet in height, but it is said to be 500 feet high, that giving you an idea of the gigantic nature of everything connected with the Grand Canyon. There is a plateau about 3,000 feet below the rim, at the hotel, that is said to be about three miles long and two miles wide, that the trail runs over in going to the rim of the gorge, that encloses the river some 2,000 feet below. The trail can be followed by the naked eye but it looks very small; the horses and mules look about as large as an average sized dog and you cannot, without the use of a glass of some kind, distinguish the riders on their backs. I have given in a general way some of the characteristics of the wonderful Grand Canyon of the Colorado river, but it is impossible to describe it in detail; one must see it for themselves. I was impressed with the idea that it exceeds all the wonders of art in such a degree that no

comparison can be made between them. Why the Pyramids of Egypt, the Great Wall of China, the most magnificent buildings of earth, the Suez and Panama canals could all be put into the Grand Canyon and would hardly be noticed.

I returned to Williams that night; left there at 4:30 the next morning, September 2nd, and arrived home on time at 4 o'clock p. m. and was glad to get back again without meeting with any accidents in the 2,000 and more miles I had traveled.

I am going to give you a quotation from one of Longfellow's poems, that I wish you might make your motto in life:

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
views from thy hand, no worthy action done."

Well, Grant Jr., as far as this little book is concerned, I will say, "Good-bye" to you. That God will bless you and yours, keep you from the evil of this world and finally save you, is the prayer of your grandfather,

J. E. LEARNARD.

(THE END.)

